

Deplorable News from Southwark ;

Or, the loving Lasses Lamentations for the loss of their
Sweet-hearts.

They sigh, they sob, they sorrow and complain,
Fearing their Loves will never come again :
It is the lusty Souldiers as they say,
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts away.

The tune is, Saint Gyleses.



The Lasses now of Southwark
lament and make great moan,
Because from them their Sweet-hearts
departed are and gone.

There's Peggy, Alice and Bridget,
and many others more
With howling and with weeping,
have made their eyesight sore,

The gallant,
Valiant

Souldiers as they say (away.
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts

The Souldiers which in Southwark
do quarter here and there,
Each one of them that had Sweet-hearts
was constant to his deare;

Both cōstant in their actions,
and constant in their carriage,
And yet some of the Lasses now
Complain for lack of marriage!

The gallant,
Valiant

Souldiers as they (away.
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts

Let speak of their proceedings,
I hope none will us blame,
The better for to know them,
I tell them to you name.

Fair Madeline the lov'd Martin,
and Joan the loved John,

Winnifred the lov'd William,
and Ned the loved of Nan.

These valiant
Gallant

Souldiers as they say, (away.
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts

Betty the lov'd Robert,
and Dick the lov'd Dorothy,
Rowland the lov'd Rachel,
and Kate the lov'd Anthony :

Sweet Rose the lov'd bold Stephen,
and Hester the lov'd Walter,

And more news of their passages
I mean to speak hereafter.

The valiant,
Gallant

Souldiers as they say, (away.
Have stoln the maidens hearts from them

Rebecca the lov'd John well,
and George the lov'd Margery,
Kester the lov'd Jany :

and Nell the lov'd Humphrey
Francis the lov'd fair Phillis,
and Samuel the lov'd Sary,
Debora the lov'd Daniel,
and Thomas the lov'd Mary.

The valiant
Gallant

Souldiers as they say, (away.
Have stoln the damself hearts from them



The bonny brave poling souldiers are who he would be contented
of late from Southwarke gone, to take her to his Wills.

To quarters in the Country,
and left their lohes alone;

Who now in dolefull manner
both bitterly complain,
Each fearing that their Sweet-hearts
will never come again.

The valliant,
Gallant

Souldiers as they say,
Have stole their pretty hearts from them

(away.

The next news of these Damaisels,
that I have here to tell you,
Poore Kate hath got a griping
and rumbling in her belly;
And pretty Nancies Apron
is growen too short before,
And so is Nans and Sarahs
and many others more.

The valliant,
Gallant,

Souldiers as they say,
Hath stole both their loves and hearts

(away.

Poore Maries nose looks pished,
and so doth bonny Nell,
And Betties under Petticoat
strange tales of her doth tell:
Mary is halfe decessed,
and Debro quite beguill'd,
Sara hath lost her Maiden-head,
and Susan's great with Child.

The gallant,
Valliant

Souldiers as they say,
Hath stole from them their Maiden-heads

(away.

Rose says though she hath gotten
no things nor no lands,
Yet if she had her Love againe
she would labour with her hands
To keepe and to maintain him,
all the dayes of her life,

The valliant,
Gallant

Souldier she doth say,
Hath stole both her heart and love away

Who rest that hath been named,
are all of Roses mind,
And would unto their Sweet-hearts be
both loyall, true, and kind,
So they might have their company,
by day and eke by night,
So that's the thing they wish for,
to have them in their sight.

But the valliant,
Gallant,

Souldiers as they say,
Hath stole their bonny hearts from them

(away.

So draw to a conclusion,
I wish all Damaisels wile.

With them that have flat bellies,
and them that are with child:
To beare all things with patience,
and suffer patiently,
And buy each one a Hand-kercher
to wipe her wet eyes by.

And when your
Sweet-hearts]

Come to you again, (paine,
They'll use a means to cure you of your

We not too heauy-minded,
but thus I'd have you pray, (you
That those which stole your hearts from
and carreyed them away,

May come again with safety,
and make you all amends,
So marry you and love you,
and so my Ditty ends.

The valliant,
Gallants

Hath stole your hearts away, (day.
They'll bring them home again another